

HOT DOG

THE REGULAR FELLOWS MONTHLY

MAY 1922

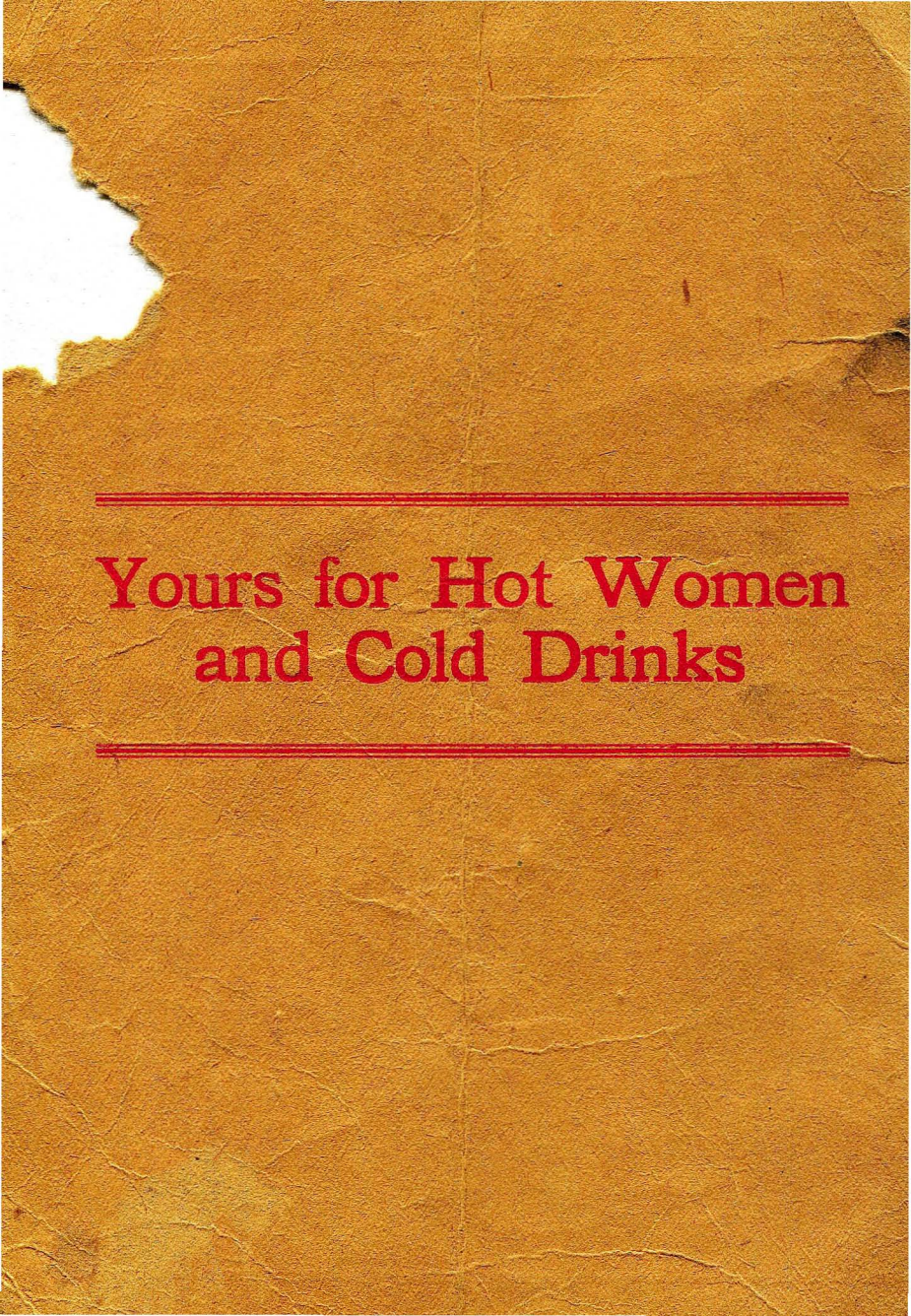
PRICE
TWO BITS



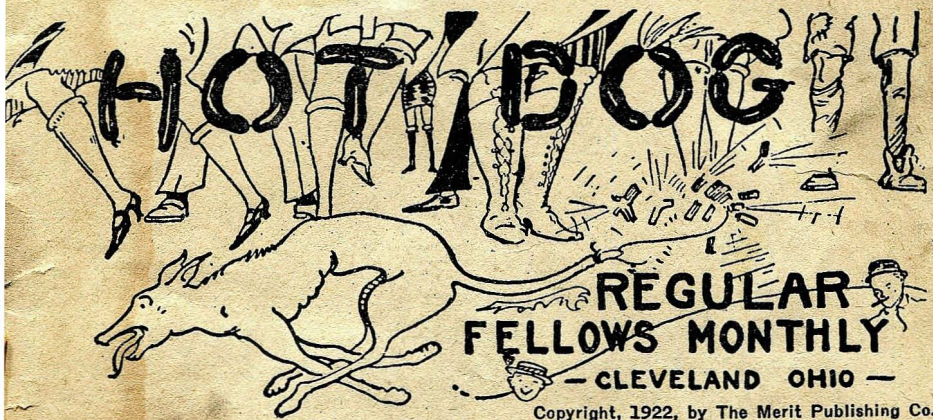
ADAM,
EVE,
THE
APPLE
AND
THE

SNAKE





Yours for Hot Women
and Cold Drinks



JACK DINSMORE, *Editor*

Application made for entry as second-class mail matter at the post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under act of March 3rd, 1879.

Published Monthly by the Merit Publishing Co, 1005 Ulmer Bldg., Cleveland, O.
25c PER COPY—\$3.00 PER YEAR

Vol. 1

MAY, 1922

No. 8

HABIT AND ICE

Sam Goldberg is our star salesman.

Sam Goldberg has a pretty wife.

Most of the time Sam is in Texas or Maine or Alberta selling Hot Dogs, while the wife is left to her own sweet devices in the cute Goldberg flat on Emerald Drive, Cleveland, O.

**NOTHING SO NEEDS REFORMING AS
OTHER PEOPLE'S HABITS.**

Sam has a sense of humor. That's why he's a good salesman. So he told me all about it.

It happened like this:

Sam came to Cleveland after a three months' trip in the South. His topknot was just swimming with rosy anticipations of domestic joys; he was dreaming of Minnie's lockschenzup and fishballs, of the T. N. T. greeting-kiss he would receive, etc., etc., ETC.



"I'll surprise the little darlink," said Sam to himself.

I'll say he did.

Many a Poor Prune is buying Raisins.

At ten o'clock in the morning Sam burst into his own back door, laid down his grips, approached Sweetie from the rear, hugged her tight with both arms and covered her eyes with his hands.

"Here I am again, Darlink," gurgled Sam.

And Darlink replied, "All right, twenty-five pounds this morning, and be sure to leave your tongs in the hallway!"

IGNATZ FRAMED THIS IN OUR SHIPPING ROOM

Half in earnest, half in joke,
Tell me, maiden, e'er I'm broke,
Buying booze and lunch for thee,
Tell, oh, tell the truth to me;
E'er my cash is all turned loose—
Sweetheart, is there any use?

A HUMDINGER IS A FELLOW WHO CAN
KISS A DEAF AND DUMB GIRL AND MAKE HER
HOLLER "HOT DOG."

MORALITY AND CHURCHIANITY

(Reprinted from the First Number of Hot Dog by Popular Request)

The greatest enemies to virtue in America are the dried-up denominational ministers in the down-state dumps.



Denominationalism is by no means morality.
It is not Christianity.
It is not Puritanism—

Go West, young man, but not to Hollywood.

It is simply Restrictionism!

When we gave them Prohibition, we gave them a finger. Now they want the whole hand. And a barrel of feet.

Denominationalism now wants to stop Sunday baseball, and Sunday movies, and Sunday newspapers.

Don't be deceived.

Morality is not opposed to gaiety.

Look back into the history of the world. The greatest sinners were the greatest saints. Saint Francis of Assisi was, in his youth, a gallant and duellist.

Martin Luther said:

Der liebt nicht wein, weib und gesang,
Der bleibt ein narr sein leben lang.

Which means

Who loves not wine, woman, and song
Is a fool his whole life long.

DOWN WITH THE DIRTY DENOMINATIONALISTS!

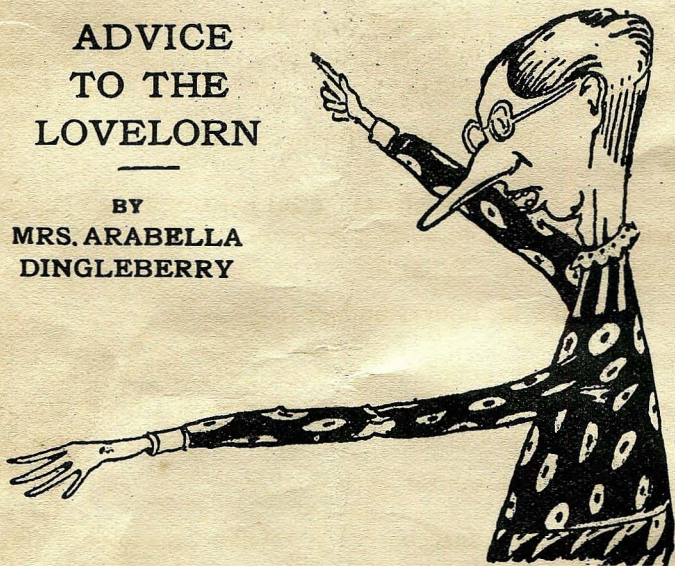
Let us knock them for a row of backhouses.

"Do you read the Police Gazette?"

"No, I cut my own hair."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

BY
MRS. ARABELLA
DINGLEBERRY



Dear Miss Dingleberry: Last night I went automobile riding with a strange young man. Did I do wrong?—Little Lulu.

Probably, my dear.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: How can I keep fish from smelling?—Mrs. Mugwump.

Cut off their noses.

Unsophisticated Ursula: Love is worthless without Technique.

Cautious Calliope: Don't trust him. He's too eager.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I met an excellent young lady last night. I bought her a dinner at the Ritz, took her to a show and bought her a champagne supper. Should I have kissed her good night?—Ernie Emptyhead.

No. You did enough for her.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I am getting to be outrageously good friends with a lady whose husband doesn't understand her. What do you think?—Dangerous Dan.

Perhaps he understands you.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Last week my wife bobbed her hair and left me to go to Greenwich Village to follow an Artistic Career. How come?—Sleepy Samuel.

What's the matter with you?

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: What can I do to get a husband?—Lonesome Sue.

Sneak one from a wife.

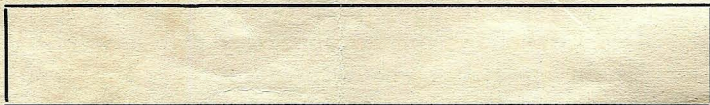
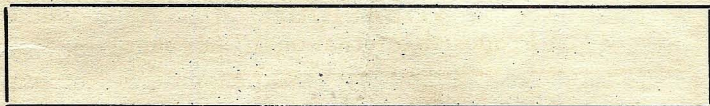
Nervy Nathaniel: Why, you big, dirty Polock, I wouldn't think of answering such a question. I'm a lady.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: What must I do to get into the movies?

Be a punk actress and a good kid.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Since my wife has gone in for Hindu mysticism she refuses to cook any meals. What arguments can I use to cure her?

Arguments hell! Bust her in the kisser. That's the only way to cure them mystical housewives.



The Height of Wastefulness: A round trip ticket to Havana.

VOLAPIQUE
(The Proposed International Language)



When I can speak
Volapique,
Away to India's climes I'll sneak,
And just by virtue of my cheek
I'll sell a piano to a Sheik.
I'll sell the French and Dutch,
And lease
Pianos to the Portuguese;
Then I'll drive over and explain
The new installment plan to Spain.
I'll journey south as far
As Cadiz,
And sell fair Andalusia's ladies
Or I'll exchange; the mandolin
I'll take, and put an upright in.
I'll hie me then
To Baltic strand,
And sell Miss Boskovitch a grand;
And shovel off old Peter Katzski,
John Romanoff and Ruffonratsky.

Then far to Greenland

I will go,

And sell some sawed-off Eskimo;

I'll eat snow soup and Polar bear,

And wipe my teeth with codfish hair.

Of course by ths time

I shall have a

Cheek as hard as frozen lava;

I'll travel West, go through Alaska,

Drop down and talk with Mrs. Chaska.

I'll court the Fijis

On their isle,

The old chief's daughter I'll beguile,

And give a sales talk by her side

While I am waiting to be fried,

When I can speak

Volapique.

—Ben King.

WRONG NUMBER TONY

I have absolutely no mercy on that newlywed artist
of mine, Tony Zebatski

I am going to ride him like a Shriner rides a goat.

He got married to a fluff just about a thousand times
too good for a charcoal-slinging hound like himself, and
he deserves all the razzing he gets.

Men buy women valentines and things with lace
edges.

Here's the latest dispatch from the bridal chamber:

As is usual with Middlewestern lovey-doveys, the Zebatski tandem oozed to Buffalo on their honeymoon so that they could enjoy the Wonders of Nature near Niagara Falls.

The first day after the first night the sweet but disillusioned bride went down to Ellicott Square to do some shopping.

Having loaded herself down with Flaming Undies for herself and Incandescent Neckties for Tony she returned to their hotel.

She went to what she supposed was her own door and found it locked.

She rattled the knob and said, "Honey, let me in!"

No response.

She knocked again and cried, "It's me, Honey, open the door!"

Silence—deep, dark, and dank.

The bride became terrified and began wildly to cry. "Honey, Honey, Honey!"

All at once a gruff voice sounded from within:

"Madam, this ain't no beehive. This is the bathroom for men."



"Spirituelle" is the adjective the critics (and the boys) apply to Lois Wilson, who plays in Paramount Pictures.

THE MOVIE RAMBLER

By Jack Dinsmore Hissself

I am very much interested in the psychology of villainy.

Myself I am very virtuous. I don't drink wood alcohol on Sunday. I never make immoral advances to women over sixty-five years of age. I once attended a Methodist church for six Sundays in succession, lured thereto by the spiritual attraction of the pastor's daughter, who wore short skirts and lavender stockings.

Therefore, being so saintly myself, I am interested in villainy.

Being the shameless movie fan that I am, I have of late attempted to make a study of movie villainy.

Why are certain actors and actresses always cast for rouses and vampires and nothing else?

For instance, Lowell Sherman. This thespian (I suspect that his real name is Looie Simkovitch or something like that) is a nifty-looking kiddo, indeed. He is unquestionably the best-dressed man in the movies. He is a splendid actor, and he totes a face that bespeaks sophistication and breeding.

Little Ignatz tells me that his new girl is like a Ford—ugly but speedy.



Demure and pensive, you here see Marjorie Grant gazing at
Ed. Wynn, *The Perfect Fool*.

In thanks for which qualities, the movie moguls always cast him for such parts as Dangerous Duval, Tempter of Working Girls or the Count de Montmorency, Home Wrecker de luxe.

Why? Here's my answer. Envy is one of the most potent of human motives. The great majority of us boys are not fine dressers and fine lookers, a la Lowell Sherman. Therefore our way of consoling ourselves is to tell ourselves, "Well, I'm not good looking, but I'm Noble and Upright."

Thus—and the science of Psychology will support me—we get our revenge subconsciously by demanding that our tailor-made brothers be cast for villainous parts on the stage and in the movies.

As for the gals—not being participants in the masculine competition—they are exempt from the above-mentioned psychological dishonesty of us prune-jack guzzlers, and the way they flop for the Villain Type of He is a shame for the neighbors.

No horney-handed elevator man or editor has a look-in with the most virtuous girl alongside of Them There Villains.

"The Boys called her Poison because no one would take her."



▲ snapshot of Cleo Mayfield blushing in "The Blushing Bride."

The same hokum holds good with the Ladies. Fellers, it just breaks my heart when I note that the most luscious chickens on the screen are always cast for Vampires.

Anna Q. Nillson is a Knockout Blonde. She always plays the Heartless Jezebel who lures the Wholesale Merchant from his Lifemate.

As to Theda Bara, she has big eyes, streamline hips and fireworks movements. Moreover, Miss Bara, I contend, is the most intelligent actress on the screen. I don't say the most perfect technically, but the most intelligent. Well, you know what kind of parts she plays.

The Sisters over forty demand it.

I can't recommend any particular movie to you at this writing, having spent all my evenings recently in the cellar of my hefty playmate, Councilman August Kraut, making certain chemical experiments in demijohns.

The most common name on hotel registers: John Smith and Wife.

CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE



Mr. Moskovitz: Try on this beautiful A No. 1 hunting suit.

Mr. Hiram: Why do you call it a hunting suit?

Mr. Moskowitz: I've been hunting for the pants for 2 years.

MRS. DINGLEBERRY ON WAR BRIDES

As to my Lady Employee, Mrs. Dingleberry, I'm for her till the gong rings.

She sticks to her desk and pounds her Corona, sifting through the piles of gooey letters that are heaped upon her every morning.

Doggedly goeth she through her duties, giving scant heed to the jibes that are slipped to her constantly by the Red Necks of Our Staff.

The only thing that ever happened to Arabella anywhere near telling you about is the following:

She got on a street car a few years ago en route to her modest and inaccessible hall bedroom in the Churchbell District in East Cleveland.

A discharged doughboy sat himself aside of her.

The great-hearted Mrs. Dingleberry endeavored to make conversation with him.

"What is the meaning of that red V and those three gold V's on your sleeve," she asked the doughboy.

My wife and I are happy. We hope to meet again.

"Why, lady," replied the bean-crammer, who happened to be in a kidding mood, "the red chevron means that I am a married man and the three gold ones mean that I have three children."

The soldier got off the car soon after and, as it was just a few months after the Armistice, another reveille-hopper soon sat himself aside of her.

This one had not yet been discharged and bore on his arm only the three gold chevrons, indicating his length of service.

Mrs. Dingleberry gave him a nasty look and said:

"Why, you dirty thing!"

SHUSH

A Krazypome by Genius Balzoff

The night was dark,
The sky was blue,
And down the alley a villain flew;
And from his breast a dagger he drew
And placed it in
An oyster stew!

Definition of an Optimist: A bartender who still pays his union dues.



Here is portrayed the sad chastisement slipped to a hard-working chorus lady in "Up in the Clouds," now playing in the Lyric Theatre, New York.

THE DIVORCE EVIL—IS IT AN EVIL?

An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore

Preachers are howling and judges are yowling,
"There's too much Divorce in the World."

I don't think there's enough.

Very shocking, indeed, and having written such a naughty thing, I shall expect to find rat poison in my coffee by the time this issue of Hot Dog gets on the news stands.



But I believe it, and all the chin-whiskered Alarmists
in the country can't pound this conviction out of my
curly head.

Marry an old one. They can't bite.

I admit that divorce is an evil, but I insist that two people hitched to each other against their wills is a worse evil.

Surely the Home is a Sacred Institution and must be maintained in all its Sanctity upon the earth. But a Home where the wife flirts with the Ice Man and the husband kisses the Scrubwoman behind the woodshed should be broken up without delay. The sooner the better.

Of course, the most pitiful victims of divorced parents are the children—where there are children. But I am pretty fond of children, and I know that I should rather have my own little nephews reared by the Salvation Army than in a home overcast with the Atmosphere of Hatred between Man and Wife.

When Willie sees mother with a black eye and father with blonde hairs on his coat lapels he is going to grow up to be, not a President of the United States, but a Lounge Lizzard or a Yegg.

I am frank to say that I see no reason in the world why two people who detest each other should be compelled to live together by the Force of Law. My principles are that the only respectable bond between a man and woman is the Force of Love.

It is high time that many of our Morality-yelping Gazooks learned that you can't make men sober by law and women chaste by law and marriages heavenly by law.

A feminist is a disappointed flapper.



Here you are, fellers.

Here is the kind of lady who "breaks up homes." Gertrude Beaumont with Al Jolson in "Bombo." How'd you like to have her break up yours?

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR A SON KILLED IN
BATTLE



He hurried away, young heart of joy, under our
April sky!

And I watched him go, my beautiful boy, and a
weary woman was I.

For my hair is gray, and his was gold; he'd the
best of his life to live;

And I'd loved him so, and I'm old, I'm old; and
he's all I had to give.

Ah, yes, he was proud and swift and gay, but
oh, how my eyes were dim!

With the sun in his heart he went away, but he
took the sun with him.

For look! How the leaves are falling now, and
the winter won't be long

Oh, boy, my boy with the sunny brow, and the
lips of love and of song!

How we used to sit at the day's sweet end, we
two by the firelight's gleam,

And we'd drift to the Valley of Let's Pretend,
On the beautiful river of Dream.

Oh, dear little heart! All the wealth untold would
I gladly, gladly pay

Could I just for a moment closely hold that
golden head to my grey.

For I gaze in the fire, and I'm seeing there a
child, and he waves to me;

And I run and I hold him up in the air, and he
laughs and shouts with glee;

A little bundle of love and mirth, crying:
"Come, Mumsie, dear!"

Ah, me! If he called from the ends of the earth
I know that my heart would hear.

—Robert W. Service.

(Barse & Hopkins, Publishers.)

**The best way to honor our dead soldiers is to provide
jobs for the living ones.**

A BRICKBAT FOR FATHER

There's been a lot of father stuff
That hastens to describe
Just how the old man has to slave
To clothe and feed his tribe.
What if he does? It serves him right,
He was not forced to wed;
Why put the halo of a saint
Around his barren head?

In courting days he did not give
His mate a bit of rest;
He mooned and spooned and hung around
And did his very best
To drag her off to some J. P.
Who'd tie the nuptial knot;
Why weep for him when he deserves
Exactly what he got?

Toil on, old scout, you'll get from me
No sweet, tear-soaked boquets;
For don't you now recall that you
Told her that all your days
Would never know a spark of joy
Till she became your wife?
Go on and work your sentence out—
I'm glad it is for life.

Tony Zebatski, the Hot Dog artist, is so dumb he thinks "Sock It In" is a Roadhouse.

THE MYSTERY OF SHERIDAN ROAD

or

Why Young Girls Never Use the Elevated
(By Callimachus Balzoff, the Hot Dog Genius)

It was a balmy evening in October. All was quiet along Sheridan Road save for the flapping of goloshes of virtuous maidens who had gotten out to walk and still continued to walk.

Suddenly Policeman Murphy heard a shot!

"Phoo, phoo, and likewise piffle," said he, "can it be that some one is being shot, or is it some Chorus Girl punching her meal ticket?"

Summoning all his courage from its flask, he began to run. The shot had seemed to come from the north, but to be sure he ran alternately east and west and sometimes south, wiggling his ears to relieve the monotony.

The shades of night were falling, and Policeman Murphy halted before one green shade that was just falling before a window lighted by a pink reading lamp.

"By my night club," he sighed passionately, "ain't nature grand!"

Forgetting the call of duty, he gazed intently at the shade, absorbed by the mystery.

One pedestrian joined him in his gazing. Then another, then ten more, until the noble puddle-jumpers stationed before the semi-transparent window shade swelled to the proportions of a riot.

When will girls learn to ignore auto horns?

What was it, you ask, that was stopping the traffic along Sheridan Road? Ah, it was a rare sight, indeed.

Silhouetted against the window shade was a vision of Zeigfield loveliness entirely innocent of garments entwined in the arms of a youth similarly clad. All was left to the Imagination—and you know how the Imagination of a bevy of noble citizens does act.



Suddenly upon the loving pair advanced the figure of a Man. In his hand he held a knife, and as he advanced nearer and nearer, the knife poised for its death-dealing blow, Officer Murphy could stand it no longer.

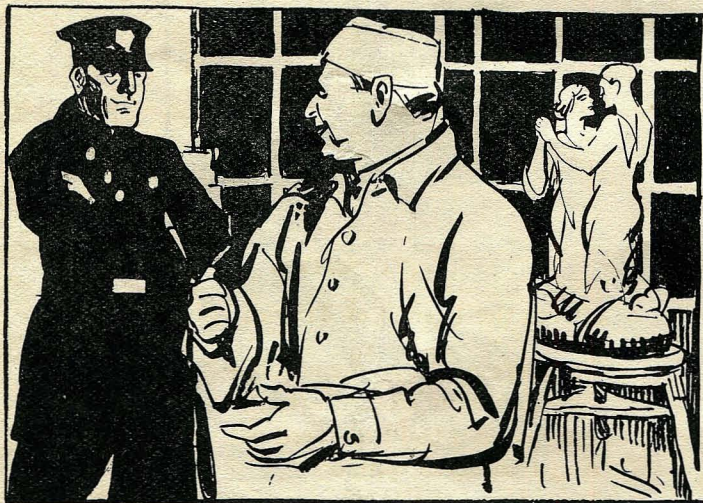
"Curses," he cried, as he made a wild dash for the door of the place, "her husband approaches. I must get there before murder is done."

Little Ignatz's idea of the softest job on earth—head barber to the Russian cabinet.

Breathlessly, with the air of a doomed man, he climbed flight after flight of stairs. At last before a closed door he halted.

"Open in the name of the Law," he roared. "Unhand the Dame, you brute, and give me a chance!"

The door opened. Murphy gazed within.



But he immediately faced about.

"Here goes nothing," he gasped, as he flung himself head-long down six flights of marble stairs.

There are three kinds of heels—Leather, Rubber, and Little Ignatz.

Standing before a curtained window, Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor, gazing in loving admiration at a life-size statue of Apollo and Daphne, done in the nude!

* * * * *

Inside the pearly gates all was quiet. Suddenly St. Peter dropped his harp and nearly bent himself double, so violent was his mirth.

"Hey, boys," he called, turning the pages of his favorite magazine with unsuppressed glee, "come here and see what Balzoff has done to a perfectly good detective story."

L'ATTENTE

(From the French of Tristan Klingsor)

To make our love memorable
I carried wine from Shiraz;
I prepared a bed broidered with silk
And two velvet pillows;
Then I perfumed the water in the vases,
To bathe you after the amorous combat.

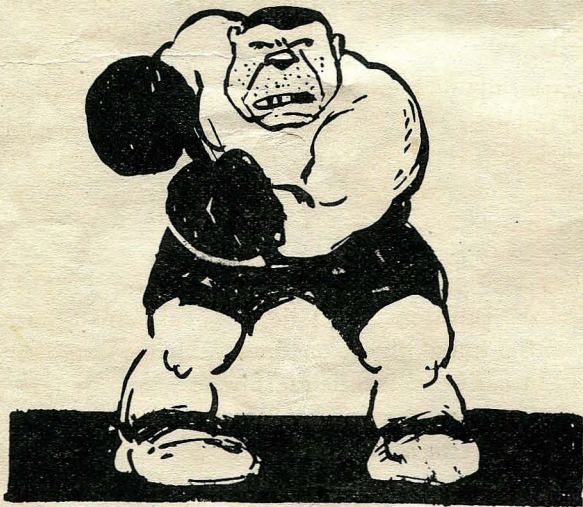
~~I bought figs full of seed,~~
Dried raisins, and cakes
Of farina, sugar and rice,
To eat while toying with you,
My little dear—
But you never came

SPORT REVIEW

(By Jazbo DeVinney)

To all Flappers, Shimmy Enthusiasts, Blue Noses, Long Haired Men and Short Haired Women, in fact, to Everybody, Greeting:

I bring to you Glad Tidings. Yep, the best news since I first tapped a typewriter as the sporting editor of America's most famous publication.



For hear ye, hear ye, we come now to the vindication of the shimmy, the tango, the one-step and sundry and divers other terpsichorean favorites that have so long been the target of the guns of the Joy Killers.

LIFE'S GREATEST SORROW: That the pants always wears out before the coat.

And the vindication comes from no other section of the well-known sporting world than the old Prize Ring itself. Yea, indeed.

Read, and ye shall be informed of the wherefores:

Comes to Madison Queer Garden from St. Paul the greatest boxer turned out by the home of blue-eyed Swedes since Fred Fulton threw down his trowel as a plasterer and became a diver. Gibbons by name is this Puncher from the wild Northwest. Nix, no kin of the late Cardinal.

Comes, likewise to Madison Queer Garden from the dirtiest town in Pennsylvania, one Pittsburg, one of the dancingest cuckoos that ever hooked on a freight train, Greb by name. Maybe Grab, but not Grub. Only just plain Greb.

They face each other in the Garden on a night that Tex Rickard is not in jail. Gibbons brings his reputation as one of the knockingest-out knockers out that ever put out a light. The Wisenheimers who are so smart they think Easter Sunday is a sister of Billy, make books on the so-called fight, and they lay down their dough at 7 to 5 that the visitor from Swedeland will have it over the smoke-eater like a woolen bath robe. They ain't so smart.

The great unwashed dancer from the home of smoke put on the greatest exhibition of the shimmy the goofs in

Never sue an editor for libel. He might prove it on you.

Gotham ever saw. For fifteen rounds he toddled, one-stepped, waltzed in and out, keeping time by slapping the big westerner in the mush, on the belly, across the lamps and behind the ears. He was so good that when it was all over he got what they call the Decision.

Indeed, 'twas a great victory for the dancing masters, the reform element to the contrary notwithstanding.

That was Wictory No. 1.

Then comes another circus act at the same place with a couple of dudes not so big. Charlie White, the Chicago Hebrew, whose real moniker is Charles Ancho-witz, steps into the ring and faces a Wop who calls himself Johnny Dundee. White weighs seven pounds more than Dundee, even after he's washed. But what happens?

The Eyetalian dances in and out faster than Greb. He has new steps and new slaps. And when their party is all over the Wop with the dancing act wins.

So you can go tell the Bluenoses who want to take the old Constitution apart again and separate us from our shimmy and toddle that we have the edge in this instance and that vindication for the popular pastime has come.

Placard it high on all the billboards and then get together and warble:

"Come on Shimmy With Me."

For when roughneck boxers can produce evidence that anything is good, it certainly must be good.

You can't always tell how rich a family is from the condition of its garbage.

ATTABOY'S BULLY BREEZES FROM TI JUANA, MEXICO

(By Ray Atterberry, U. S. N.)

Well, Gang, hold on tight and I will feed you some more Bully Breeze, having missed for the last two months.



The reason for walking out on you in the March and April issues is that Editor Jack sent me checks for the last two batches of hokum, and as Mexican joywater is very cheap I have been, as it were, Under the Table for the last two issues.

You will probably want to know first how I am making out on the races.

Well, it was only last week that I got a big thrill. I bet on a horse whose number was Six, and when the race was over some Goof put the number Six on the board. I sure felt hot then and ambled over all prepared

to haul away the dividends. Pretty soon I hear a big noise and I see some Killjoy take the number Six and turn it upside down and make the number Nine out of it on account of him making a mistake.

Then I looked out on the track and saw them shoot Number Six so he wouldn't block the next race.

Here I had bet ten berries on him and I found out that for another five I could have bought him.

My luck in Ti Juana has all been dark blue this season. It seems that the minute I place my money on a goat he starts running backwards.

So I'm going over to tell my troubles to my pals, Johnny Walker, the Haig and Haig boys, and Benny Dicteen, who, I hope, will let me go in time for another Bully Breeze next month.

A RHYME

(By the Circulation Manager)

It wasn't the folly of Izzy and Dolly,

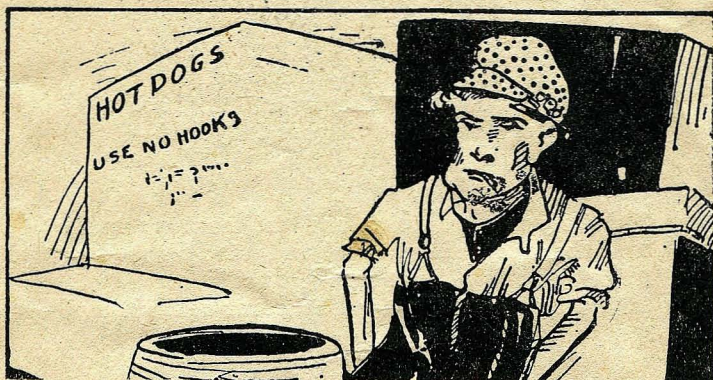
Nor the heat of the sun or the sands

Made Izzy so dizzy and Dolly so jolly,

'Twas the Hot Dogs they held in their hands.

TOPICAL TROPES

Being a series of limericks on current subjects by Little Ignatz, Hot Dog Shipping Clerk and Poet.



HOME RULE IN IRELAND—ALMOST

The Ulstermen fight with the Mikes
With bullets, shillallahs and spikes;
The Orange and Green
Have been mixing it mean—
And that's what an Irishman likes.

THE BASEBALL SEASON BEGINS

Spring's with us again, tra la la,
The baseball bug fattens on Pa;
From Rahway to Reno
They boost the Bambino,
While the Umps get the merry ha ha.

THE SOLDIERS' BONUS—NEARLY

The soldiers were voted their Bonus,
We're broke, but we need not bemoan us;
The dough they begrudge it,
They gave us a budget—
But meanwhile the pawnbrokers own us.

KIPLING'S VAMPIRE

(The original poem, written in 1897, which is better than all the shoddy plays and parodies written around it.)

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care)
But the fool he called her his lady fair—
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand!

A fool there was and his goods he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Honour and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand!

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died
(Even as you and I!)

—Rudyard Kipling.

A DEFENSE OF TRAVELING MEN

One common superstition that I especially loathe is the cornfed theory that all traveling men are Devils.

The Alfalfa-dweller holds firmly to the opinion that traveling men are sent on the road not to sell monkey-wrenches and frozen socks and hand-painted cuspidors and other such necessities of life but to Ruin Waitresses.

Step on a Pullman and look over the average traveling man and you will find how silly this theory is. You will find Mr. Traveling Man a bald-headed householder whose first interest in life is the wife and kiddies at home, and whose second interest in life is his business, and whose third interest in life is the batting average of Babe Ruth.

As to immorality, the first Deacon you hit at the first flag-station church beats the traveling man all hollow.

Personally I have an extreme liking for the type of man that sells goods on the road. He exceeds all citizens in Joviality. His courtesy is unfailing. His good humor is endless. He brightens every company into which he is thrown.

LOVE MAY BE BLIND, BUT THE NEIGHBORS AREN'T.

And there is a good reason for his cheeriness. The one thing above all that civilizes and sweetens human personalities is contact with other human beings.

Of this contact the traveling man gets a great plenty.

That is why Salesman Sam of Chicago is a jolly influence in the world and the Rev. Dr. Bluebeak of Po-dunk, Tenn., is a black influence in the world.

I remember one of the old Latin authors who said, "Humanus Sum Et Nihil Humani Mihi Alienum," "I am a human and nothing human is alien to me."

This Latin epigram, I think, could be well known as "The Traveling Man's Motto."

—J. D.

MEOW, MEOW—POOH!

There was a young man from the city

Who met what he thought was a kitty;

He gave it a pat

And said, "Nice little cat——"

And they burned up his clothes out of pity!

("Say It With Liquor," published in the March issue of Hot Dog, is published by Jack Mills, Inc., 152-154 W. 45th St., New York City.)

Subscribe to Hot Dog for Three
Dollars a year. Proceeds go
to the starving bootleggers
of Cleveland



GRAB	GRAB	GRAB	GRAB
GRAB	<p>The Merit Publishing Co., Ulmer Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio. Subscription Dept.</p> <p>Gents: The three cartwheels for you, the Dogs for me. For a year, starting with the..... issue.</p> <p>Name</p> <p>Street or R. F. D.....</p> <p>City and State.....</p> <p>Please be sure to write plainly</p>		GRAB
GRAB	GRAB	GRAB	GRAB

RUSSELL COMBS
MAGAZINE

A Warning To Our Readers!

Since the publication and success of Hot Dog, many degraded attempts have been made by fly-by-nights to imitate us and capitalize on our name and reputation.

Just recently a dull and crude pamphlet has been issued entitled "Hot Dawg, Funny Follies of 1922." It is put out furtively and anonymously with no name of any editor or publisher on it.

We have just ascertained the parties responsible for this fraud and are taking legal measures against them.

To protect yourself from deception, always see that the name of Jack Dinsmore, editor, and The Merit Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio, publishers, appears on the magazine you intend buying as this one.

THE MERIT PUBLISHING COMPANY

RUSSELL
COMBS